

Fever

by Glass Houses

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Slashy.

Fever

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>Spoilers: passing references to material in the Jedi Apprentice books<br>Summary: Obi-Wan makes fevered confessions to Qui-Gon  
  
>Feedback: You bet! ghouses@yahoo.com<br>Disclaimer: err, OK. How about this one? "This story is based on characters and situations created and owned by Lucasfilm, Ltd. No money is being made and no infringement is intended." I read that on the web somewhere and think it sounds nifty.  
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>Fever<br>by Glass Houses  
>May, 2000<br>\*\*\*\*\*  
><br>"Eat me, Master."  
> <br>Qui-Gon sighed. What now? For three days he'd tended Obi-Wan as his Padawan's temperature regularly spiked and he babbled on under the influence of various delusions.  
> <br>"Padawan...?"  
> <br>"When I die, I want you to eat me so that you may live, Master."  
> <br>"Obi-Wan, you're not going to die and I'm not going to starve."  
  
> <br>"Master, I know you're just trying to comfort me. But we're stranded in this frozen wasteland, and I want my death to have some meaning. Master Yoda refers to our flesh as just 'crude matter' housing our spirits. That's the way I feel, Master. If you can survive, my death will not have been for nothing."  
> <br>Qui-Gon was amazed at the lucid speeches Obi-Wan was capable of when he was so completely out of his head. Yes, they were stranded at the top of a mountain in a frozen wasteland on Hoth. But they happened to be stranded in a well-stocked, warm and cozy villa with a

rescue ship only 48 hours away. For the first two days of their enforced stay and Obi-Wan's fever, he had alternately; apologized for everything he'd ever done wrong as Qui-Gon's Padawan, apologized for everything he'd ever done wrong while in the creche before becoming Qui-Gon's Padawan, and made a compelling case for Qui-Gon to disown him.

> <br>During the entire time, Qui-Gon cared for his Padawan the best he could, coaxing water and some broth into Obi-Wan during brief bouts of lucidity. Fortunately, Obi-Wan didn't seem to remember what he'd talked about when his fever was high. Unfortunately, that meant he often repeated himself when his fever went back up.

> <br>Qui-Gon had no idea that anyone could keep such a complete and meticulous mental record of their shortcomings. Most of the things Obi-Wan mentioned he'd either forgotten or never knew about. Oh, he was aware of Obi-Wan's problems with controlling his anger and his impetuous nature as a young Padawan, but Obi-Wan somehow placed these sins in the same category as filching an extra desert when he was six years old.

> <br>Over the course of this day, he'd admitted to having sexual feelings for Qui-Gon for some time. He then went into excruciating details about how he tried to sublimate the feelings, release them into the Force, and meditate them out of his system. This led to another round of self-deprecation as he confessed that he had been unsuccessful. In fact, since Obi-Wan had come of age, he'd apparently been fantasizing about several scenarios where he seduced

>Qui-Gon, the specifics of which he spelled out to his Master. These confessions were followed by yet another plea that he, Obi-Wan Kenobi, be expelled from the Jedi order for harboring perverse thoughts.<br>

>Qui-Gon knew Obi-Wan wasn't in mortal danger from this particularly nasty case of Therian Flu, but he hated to see him suffer. He was skilled at using the Force to heal injuries, stop internal bleeding and mend bones, but could not effect the virus causing the disease, and had no medical supplies on hand. He felt a bit like a voyeur into Obi-Wan's most personal thoughts, but he couldn't leave his delusional Padawan to suffer alone.<br>

>He also knew he shouldn't feel elation at the bent Obi-Wan's 'confessions' had taken over the past day, but he did. The young man had so completely endeared himself to Qui-Gon that he really didn't know when his love for him began to include physical desire. Qui-Gon just knew that Obi-Wan had him wrapped around his finger, and wasn't aware of it. He'd taught Qui-Gon how to love again, how to give of himself, and how to walk again in the light. It pained him to know that Obi-Wan's feelings toward him were relegated to the part of his psyche that counted up his failures, along with being coerced into a fight with Bruck, staying behind on MelindaDaan, not paying attention during briefings, and reading poetry when he was supposed to be studying for his quantum physics final.

> <br>Still, it was a start. But Qui-Gon knew that when Obi-Wan was well again -- even if he did remember some of the things he'd said -- he would never bring the subject up with his Master. And it was inappropriate for Qui-Gon to initiate a relationship with his own Padawan - even if said Padawan was of age and was surely the most desirous being ever to grace the Temple halls. And here he was begging Qui-Gon to 'eat' him. Cannibalism was the last interpretation Qui-Gon gave to that plea.

> <br>Qui-Gon sighed again, and promised his distraught, fevered Padawan that if it came to it, he would indeed eat him. This calmed Obi-Wan somewhat, until his next tirade - this time on the subject of

his lack of connection with the Living Force, and how this would surely prevent him from ever becoming a Knight. He kept this particular line of reasoning up much longer than Qui-Gon thought he could, and was still obsessing on it when the rescue ship arrived and the medic on board ended his feverish rants with a single hypospray.

> <br>Qui-Gon was so grateful for the silence that he slept most of the way back to Coruscant.

> <br>Once there -- after having to explain the mission's failure to the Council in nearly as much detail as Obi-Wan described breaking his creche master's favorite vase and trying to use the Force to put it back together -- Qui-Gon applied himself to the task of weeding out his Padawan's insecurities and putting his self-doubts to rest. Obi-Wan never asked Qui-Gon about what happened during the time he was sick, but when he didn't protest the many hours of intense meditation and self-retrospection required of him, Qui-Gon knew he must have some idea of what happened.

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><br>\*The self-confidence exercises must have worked,\* was Qui-Gon's only coherent thought when he returned to their shared quarters in the Temple after a day of teaching saber drills to initiates. The lights were down, several candles were lit, soft music played over the intercom, and Obi-Wan lay on their couch. Wearing nothing but a sly smile.

><br>"Padawan...?"

> <br>"Master, I've been meditating on the subjects you assigned me." Obi-Wan's skin appeared golden in the soft glow of the candles.

> <br>"Um...that's good, Obi-Wan..."

> <br>"I've realized that there are some things I no longer need to feel disappointment or shame over. They are not failings on my part at all." Obi-Wan's right hand softly traced the line of muscles over his flat, bare stomach.

> <br>"Err, I see..."

> <br>"In fact, my failure was to see them as failures. But I can put that behind me, if you meant what you promised me on Hoth." Obi-Wan softly brushed the end of his Padawan braid over his left nipple.

> <br>Qui-Gon was having trouble following the conversation, as it was cryptic and he was rather distracted by the image in front of him. A question. He had a question.

><br>"And...what was it I promised?"

> <br>Obi-Wan clasped his hands behind his neck and stretched sinuously, then slightly flexed one knee, the better to highlight his erection.

> <br>"To eat me, Master."

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file.